

SONG

The DIRTY DOZEN



Music by CLARENCE M. JONES
Words by JACK FROST

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THE DIRTY DOZEN.

A JAZZ DRAG.

Lyric by
JACK FROST.Music by
CLARENCE M. JONES.

Moderato.

f *fz*

VAMP

mf *mp*

Old Ru - fus Ras - tus John - son Lee Was
Those kids and cous - ins by the score Were
brag - gin' bout his fam - ly tree, He said his un - cles all were dea - cons
eat - in' and sleep - in' on the floor, And ev - ry day you'd see po - lice - men
Down in Ten - nes - see; — Said old black mam - my Man - dy Bly, "I knew your folks in
Knock - in' at the door; — And no one ev - er thought of socks, their bare feet cut by

days gone by, And when we'd meet them on the street We'd look at them and cry." glass and rocks, It's sure a fact that they were packed Like sar-dines in a box."

CHORUS

"Oh, the old dir - ty doz - en, the old dir - ty doz - en, Your broth - ers and cousins, all

p-f

liv - in' like a hive of bees, They all kept a - buz - zin', a - fus - sin' and mussin'; There

was - nt a good one in the bunch, Be - lieve me that ain't no bluff, Guess that's e -

fz

nuff." (That's e-nuff.) "Oh, the nuff." (That's e-nuff.) *D.S.*

D.S.